

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1804.

THE AGITATIONS OF
PASSION,
WHEN ATTENDED WITH
DIFFICULTY.
(concluded)

THUS, the very things which at one moment appear a misfortune, are at another the blessings we should pray for. But even blessings sometimes terminate in inconvenience: so it was at present. The storm was long, and the rain fell in abundance; in ten minutes I felt such an additional load upon my back, and so much water had lodged in my surtout, which was almost as shaggy as a sheep's back, that I could hardly stand under it, and was once or twice tempted to hide it in a ditch till my return; but recollecting this would be a means to injure my disguise, I consented to drudge with the spongy superfluity upon my back, and walked on. Presently Fortune shifted again in my favour; for I descried a little hut slipside of the road, and resolved to stop awhile at all events; for though my mistress's house was all the while in view, standing upon an eminence (which no doubt gave me strength) it was yet almost at a mile and a half's distance, and I was ready to faint upon the road; for Nature you know, will be obeyed. Into the cottage, therefore, I went, without ceremony, pleading (in a voice as uncouth and rustic as I could) that I was sorely wetted by the storm, and made bold to crave a bit of shelter till it was blown over. I have, you will take notice, set off the hut to the best advantage, in calling it a Shelter because, in real truth, it afforded no shelter at all—the roof being ornamented with a sky-light, of

which the glazier had never taken dimension—the window was adorned with various patches of paper, tattered by the wind—the door seemed to have quarrelled with the threshold—the walls presented so many prospects into the world, even when the door was shut, that you might see into all quarters of the neighbourhood without getting off your chair; and the chimney was so wide at top, that the same shower which drenched my surtout, had flooded their parlour; I say Parlour, because one would not, methinks, when a man has but one room, call it a Kitchen: the courtesy of England, at least, very well warrants the compliment. Nay, it is more than probable, the proprietors of this place had a very different opinion from what I entertained; for the inhabitants laughed immoderately as I entered, at the merry conceit of being obliged to mount upon the chair, table, and bed (I use, you observe, the *singular* number) to prevent them from wading in the flood; and there was so much laughing in the jest of my being exalted upon a washing-tub, with which the lady of the house politely accommodated me, that I questioned whether the luxuries of a palace (where the master is never pushed to the ingenuity of a shift) ever furnished half the pleasantries. My posture must, indeed, have been ludicrous enough; for the wash-tub was elevated upon the form or bench on which it was usually supported, and as it stood but ticklish, I was under a necessity to keep myself upon an exact equilibrium, like a balance-man walking the tight rope, or else I must infallibly have increased the diversion of this facetious family (which consisted of a man, his wife and daughter) by falling souse into the puddle. I had not, however, been

more than a quarter of an hour in this humorous attitude, before I heard a horse go trot by, and the daughter (who was then next to the door) cried out, "There she goes back again, pretty creature, there she goes!" "Aye, God love her (replied the old Fellow) with an aching heart I'll warrant.—I had rather sit up to the knees in wet on this floor, than suffer what she suffers."—"Yes, poor thing! (says the old Lady)—She's almost *beside* herself; they say—The young Squire has done for her—well, I don't wonder at it Lord have mercy on us!—Love's the devil after all."—Here she bade the daughter wheel the chair to the corner for her pipe.—"Poor FANNY! (said the Daughter, steering herself through the canal) I would not be so much in love as she for—" "FANNY! (said I, in violent hurry) What FANNY? S'death and disappointment!" "FANNY MARVIL, FANNY MARVIL!" cried the old Woman. "Aye to be sure, who else do you think?—What's the matter?" I leapt from the tub, rolled through the stream like a river-god, and ran with incredible speed, in defiance of all impediments, in pursuit of the horse. Half a mile or more did I drive away at this rate, before I saw what I was in search of, though I could plainly perceive the fresh track of a hoof all the way. At last I saw dimly, for it was now after sun-set, the figure of a horse at the winding of the road through the trees, and seeming to stand still. Would you believe, that at this instant I stopped too; and all the joy of overtaking them was lost, in the anguish of supposing something had happened to FANNY. I imagined a thousand horrid things in a moment; and then was running rashly forward to inquire about the accident (in which business I should very likely have

betrayed myself), when I heard a voice (that I instantly knew to be one of their labourers) say "It is nothing but a stun, Miss, got into a'fut, I shall ha' it out presunt." "I am glad of it, JONATHAN," replied the sweetest pipe in the world. Encouraged by this, and assuming the right plod and lingo, I went up as a man that was travelling by, and offered my service. The angel said, "I was very kind;" and JONATHAN said, "I might lend 'un a knife and I wou'd, for that the ould toude (meaning the horse) had stricken it so plaguey fast, he could not get un it out with his haunds." I lent JONATHAN a knife, and in taking out the knife, took out at the same time a little pocket-book, which while the eyes of JONATHAN were employed upon extracting the stone, I held in the hand which I rested upon the pummel of the saddle—Good faith, Sir, I shall never, never forget it! FANNY saw what was once her gift in the hand of a stranger, and I thought she would have fallen from the pillion.—I was going to speak, and gently explain myself, when JONATHAN knocked out the stone, and prepared to proceed. In this moment I was almost distracted—It began to be dark, and again to threaten a shower. FANNY, I saw, dared not speak; but said, "She was quite sick with riding, and begged him to go gently." "We are almost at whome, Miss." said JONATHAN, putting his leg into the stirrup, and exalting himself to an happiness, of which he was perfectly insensible. "If we are ever so near (replied FANNY, in great disorder) pray go softly." They were now setting off, FANNY turning her head behind, and I following her at my wits end. Well, Sir, a thought now came into my head, which produced me one of the greatest of all human felicities; and what do you suppose it prompted me to do? Nay, I cannot even guess—said I—Why, I walked for some little time by the side of the horse, and then pretended I was taken suddenly so lame, that I was unable to set one foot before another; and that, nevertheless, I had seven long wearisome miles to go yet. "Say you so? (replied JONATHAN) Why then, if Madam pleases, and I thouft she would not be frunted, I gee you my place a bit, though we han't passen half a mele to go, and some of that is cross the passers.—Howsumdiver, if Miss think'st good o' your ridin, you moay. What mun I do, Miss?" "Why (said FANNY) as—as—you observe, we have but a little way to go; but as the Farmer is so

very lame, and thinks it will be an ease to him to ride a little—I have no objection." JONATHAN dismounted; and I with the bridle trembling in my hands and my heart leaping to my lips I ascended, took his place. And now, O my sesations!—how shall I describe to you the rest. FANNY before began to have suspicions of the disguise, from the circumstances of the pocket book, and my desire to ride: she, therefore, was in some degree prepared for a discovery which otherwise must inevitably have betrayed her.—In a gentle accent I employed a few moments to acquaint her with my plan, and to give her the letter, which I told her would explain particulars. The rest of our time was employed (not wasted) in the charming endearments where language is happily not necessary.—Her dear arm, as I rode on (as slowly as possible you may be sure) was incircling my bosom, and did not much shrink from the kiss.—Honest JONATHAN walked whistling behind; the shades of Night too dropt the curtain over his eyes; the horse was sure footed; the road, till it turned off into the fields, quite straight—Even FANNY herself, in a melting voice, assured me, Sturdy would never stumble. All, therefore, that opportunity, Love and delicacy could bestow—all that tenderness, corrected by modesty—all that honourable and real attachment, united by the sacred bonds, could require without forfeiting its dignity; in short, Sir, it was altogether the happiest, most enchanting half-hour that ever I passed in my whole life. I must not forget to tell you that in the interval of our innocent caresses FANNY did not fail to enquire how I was to get home that night? And when I intimated that I meant to stay all night in the wood, the tears flowed copiously from her eyes, and she cried, "All night in the wood, Mr. SUDBURY!—Do you know how damp it is? Have you a mind to catch your death? Oh that I could command an apartment for you! Yet I conjure you—" "Well, well, my sweet Girl (answered I) don't be uneasy, I'll take care of myself: but of all things, I charge you observe the sentiments of my letter." We now arrived at the gate, which leading into the Farmer's grounds, induced JONATHAN to call out, and bid me stop; complaining vehemently, as he indeed had done all the way, "That we moved nation slow, and Measter would think they were all loast." The house was very near, and I was (with whatever re-

luctance) obliged to dismount; in doing which, FANNY fetched a heavy sigh, inclined her cheek downwards, and in a whisper, inspired by Love himself, again charged me, "For her sake, as well as mine, to go to the neighbouring village and procure a bed." This said, a second sigh breathed out a—'Farewell, Farmer'—and shaking JONATHAN by the hand, into which I put the sum total of my fortune, being three British halfpence, and dropped back into the road, as if designing to pursue my journey.

Any thing upon earth but a Lover would, perhaps, have now thought it high time to think about really taking FANNY's advice, and look out for a lodging; for the dew descended though the rain had ceased, and my agitation of spirits had kept me from any food whatever since morning. Indeed any project will take away the appetite for a time; but the project by which a man in love is to see and converse with his mistress, will banish all ideas of eating and drinking; for, between the time of forming a stratagem of this kind, and putting it in practice, the Soul is so interested in her own tender concerns, that the wants of the body are wholly disregarded. After the interview is obtained, indeed, the common appetites return (supposing it to have been delightful) and then a healthy lover is observed to play as good a knife and fork as the veriest voluptuary, who relishes no other passion but that which the said knife and fork are the proper instruments to gratify. Thus it was with me, Sir.—After I had followed FANNY with my eye, as far as the night permitted, and even with my feet as long as I thought I might elude the observation of JONATHAN, by slinking behind at a distance, I turned towards a hovel that was at the corner of the wood. Here sitting down upon the straw with which it was scattered as a bed for the cow, I eat my white loaf and JOSEPH's cheese, with infinitely more glee than if I had been supping upon ortolans, and seated on a sopha; and there was a little running spring hard by from whence I drank plentifully and cheerfully.

LEGAL PUN.

IN a case of incompetent bail, the party was asked, what was his profession. He answered, "that he was a colourman;" on which the late Lord Kenyon remarked, "Then, Sir, you are merely brought, in the way of business, to give a colour to this transaction.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO M. C.

On his pieces against theatrical societies.

AS I'm a dealer in advice,
I prithee listen to me,
And grant your pen an armistice
Until you further know me.
Your cogitative faculties
Immers'd in cogabundity
Of thoughtful thought—may smack at these
Few lines of great profundity.
Inexuperable hero hear
This inexcitable petition,
From envious pens you need not fear
Your inextirpable condition,
You'll circumvent your foes no doubt
With your circumlocution
Your elocution puts to rout
And then ensues confusion.
Discommendation seizes all,
Discomfiture and disgrace;
You're elevated—they must fall—
My verses end at this place.

QUIZ.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1804.

TO THE PUBLIC.

To the Society for the Institution and Support of FIRST-DAY or SUNDAY SCHOOLS, in the City of Philadelphia, the District of Southwark, and the Northern Liberties,

TO THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS.

TAKING into consideration the many evils that result from a misemployment of the Christian Sabbath; and experience having taught that the improvement of the mind has a powerful tendency to promote good order and suppress vice, the Society are induced to call the Public to a consideration of this important subject. Being professedly associated for the purpose of improving the habits and manners of the rising generation, amongst the poorer classes in the community, whose happiness depends much upon the acquirement of useful customs and instruction; the great abuse which is witnessed of the Christian Sabbath, cannot but present an awful testimony of the unwillingness of the people to respect it, as a day of sacred ordination; and viewing the many evils which result therefrom, the Society cannot refrain from expressing their belief in the efficacy of useful education of mankind, towards the advancement of virtue and happiness.—Since the establishment of this institution upwards of thirteen years have elapsed, during which period several thousand children have been admitted into the Schools; but owing to the limited state of the funds, their number cannot be increased, although it is believed that one in the Northern Liberties would prove very useful.

There are three Schools, well supplied with Books, &c. into which children of all denominations may be admitted, free of expence, on application to the respective Tutors. Spelling, and writing are taught in them, and careful attention paid to their moral and religious instruction. The school hours do not interfere with those adopted for divine worship; an attention to which is enjoined—A school for Girls is kept in the third story of the building back of the

Presbyterian church, at the corner of Mulberry and Third streets.—One for Boys in Cherry-street, between Third and Fourth-streets; and another for Boys in Front-street nearly opposite to Shippen-street. Committees from the Board of Visitors attend the Schools, for the purposes of inspecting and reporting their state, and suggesting such improvements as from time to time may occur.

Examinations are occasionally held—at which, premiums are given for excelling in spelling, reading and writing; for constant attendance at school; cleanliness; good behaviour, and steady attendance at divine worship: and various other means are used to excite a laudable inclination for improvement amongst the Scholars. The numerous benefits that have resulted from Sunday Schools in Europe, of which satisfactory testimonies are abroad, are strong inducements for their establishment in America.

With a full reliance on the merits of the cause they advocate, with a hope that it will receive the favorable consideration of their Fellow-Citizens, the Society conclude, after reminding the *BENEVOLENT*, the *PUBLIC-SPIRITED*, and the *OPULENT*, that a wide field lies open for the exercise of their liberality.

WILLIAM WHITE, PRESIDENT.
JOS. BENNET EVES, SEC'Y.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO M. C.

IN vindication of the rudiments of speaking, I take up my pen in order to confound (not to answer) the frivolous and bombastical M. C.

This petty author would fain shew his knowledge of the English, by a nonsensical jumbling of words, and shower them forth by a contradictory explanation of his ideas—the first of which were probably only the momentary recourse to a dictionary; and their permanency, with himself, might well suit the proverb “out of sight out of mind.”—To give any definition of the latter, is beyond the power of mortal, without placing his reveries for one moment in opposition to those of the next. But to proceed to the point.

In the effusions so majestically poured out in his first paragraph, he wishes to stigmatize the oratorial Societies, as “sources of depravity.” Though perhaps M. C.’s abilities and education would never qualify him to be heard at a bar (except in his own defence,) or astonish the world with his eloquence in a congress, yet their might be found a Shoemaker, or even a Blacksmith (and I do not doubt it) that might claim that elevation.—Then how sensibly must poor M. C.’s feelings be touched, to know, he was serving out a pennyworth of tape or paper, whilst a son of St. Crispin, or of Vulcan, would be debating on the affairs of the nation!—However, to condemn a system that improves or polishes is only to condemn himself.

Tho’ in studying delivery the choice of a subject ought not to be considered indifferent, yet abilities displayed in the delivery of the most insipid scrap may make it agreeable; and, as “practice makes perfect,” Shakespear may be the prologue to Cicero; and gradually ascending, those societies now termed DRAMATIC, may produce men of genius and talents, brighter perhaps than whatever the little minded M. C. may ever aspire to.

Tho’ not a member of any *Dramatic Society*, I have ever had a partiality for such liberal and rational amusement; and in forming a favourable opinion of it, I only coincide with our best English writers: for a passage perfectly consistent with this, Shakespear observes,

“ Whose end is—to hold, as ‘twere
“ the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue
“ her own feature, scorn her own image,
“ and the very age and body of the time
“ his form and pressure.”

If the narrow-minded M. C. could only view in this *his* image, he would doubtless be astonished to find his most predominant feature, was self conceit, and the chimera which infects his brain, an imaginary phantom of becoming what he is not capable of.

As professional capacities are the theme on which this “*Apology for a writer*,” dwells particularly, and merit could avail nothing with him as with most of the modernized upstarts, if it was placed in a mechanic, I must only pity his ignorance, and leave to the “lenient hand of time” a reformation in his judgment.—Let this *good soul* look to the most honourable stations in our country and behold whether the majority are not filled with mechanical characters.

To say more would be throwing away time upon too pitiful and contemptible an object—but a little advice—If you are a mantua-maker or milliner’s clerk, strive to please the ladies with language *a la mode*; but always so as to be understood—If a store-keeper’s lacquey, keep yourself from being the laughter and ridicule of your companions by introducing Webster instead of Sheridan—or if some disappointed actor, vent your rage upon the manager. But whoever you are, when you meditate again, do find words to tell more plainly the result of your meditations.

VERITAS.

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Factions are like pirates that set out false colours; when they come near a booty, religion is put under deck.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. IX.

"A novel now, says Will, is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant hove,
Clanking of Chains, a gallery, a light,
Old armour, and a phantom all in white,
And there's a novel." *Coleman.*

THE practice of novel reading has of late years become very prevalent, and with many has superceded every other. Thirty years ago, scarcely any were read but those of *Fielding*, *Richardson*, and *Smollet*, but now scarcely a vessel arrives from England which does not bring large quantities of what are called new novels, but without any novelty in them. Some it is true there are, in which is displayed considerable invention, and written with superior elegance of stile; but the greater number are trifling performances, displaying neither judgment nor abilities.

Those which are distinguished by the name of romances, are generally most admired, which, striking out of the common walks of life, lead the reader into a labyrinth of perplexity and mystery, and entertain him with ghosts and apparitions, villany and murder. The requisites for forming such an one, are humourously, described in my motto. Amongst these the *Monk* must be allowed a high standing. Of all modern romances, this is one that has been most read, most admired by some, and by others, most condemned; though indeed those who condemn it must admire the abilities the author has displayed in its composition. If works of this kind are calculated to produce pernicious effects, I know of none more hurtful than the *Monk*. The most voluptuous descriptions, dressed in the most elegant stile and language, are there presented to view; the most horrible and improbable events are combined together; and yet, with all its imperfections, it must be (at least with novel readers) read with delight and wonder. The description of the person *Ambrosia* in the beginning of the work, the account of his discourse, and the effect which it had on his hearers are written in the most elegant and finished manner; and is perhaps as good a specimen of the Author's stile as any other part of the work. It has been said of it, with justice, that the insinuating manner in which it is written insensibly forces it into favour with the young and inexperienced reader, brings into the mind ideas which it otherwise would never have formed, and that it ex-

cites desires in the breast which are the future cause of unhappiness and guilt.—What the author says of placing the bible in the hands of youth, may with propriety be applied to his romance; "that it inculcates the first rudiments of vice, and gives the first alarm to the sleeping-passions."

Another romance of considerable celebrity is the *Three Spaniards*, by *Walker*, which is read with the greatest pleasure by all romance readers. Though the author has displayed an excellent invention, yet much has been introduced into it repugnant to reason and far transgressing the bounds of probability: So that he could fix the attention of the reader the author seems not to have cared much by what means it was done, and therefore has introduced *præternatural* appearances into almost every scene of any consequence. Whoever reads it, acknowledges the impossibility of the events related in it, and yet there are few who take it up without giving it a perusal. The mind becomes highly interested, and is led on to the end with the greatest curiosity.

This same author has, some time since, produced another romance, in my opinion far more pleasing than the former. It is called *Don Raphael*, which personage is the most conspicuous character in the work, and one of the most singular I ever saw delineated. The description of his castle, and his conduct towards those whom curiosity and a desire to investigate the mystery with which it was enveloped, in the highest degree excites the curiosity. But *Raphael* is a character which never had existence; he is a remarkable one, but quite unnatural.

Romances of this kind display the invention of the author, much more than the former. It is an easy matter to raise ghosts and dreadful appearances, but afterwards to account for them in a plausible and probable way, to show that they were the fruits of human invention, is no easy task. This I imagine has often been the intention of the authors of many of our modern romances. Having brought forward their spectres, &c. they have intended afterward, to elucidate all mysteries, but have found themselves in such a labyrinth of perplexity, that with their utmost efforts they have not been able to see any probable means of so doing. Writing, as they generally do, not for fame, but profit, their haste will not permit them to conclude as well as they possibly could.

That this is the case I judge from reading several of a late date; the authors of which must either have been very vain or possessed very little judgment if they intended them as favourable specimens of their abilities.

I have often been amazed at seeing many of my acquaintances procuring from our circulating libraries one romance after another, containing nothing but the same dull story over again, with very little variation. Such reading, while it corrupts and vitiates the taste can be of no possible advantage, and those who make a constant practice of it, loose all relish for that, which might be beneficial by enlarging and refining the mind. I shall, in a future number, continue the subject, and make some remarks on those which deserve to be rescued from that oblivion into which many of a modern date are fast sinking. P.

—:-:—
For the Philadelphia Repository.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

TO YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS.

(continued from page 143)

5. BE careful to avoid ending your sentences with of, to, or any other preposition; 'whom have you written to?' is harsh and inelegant 'to whom have you written?' Generally speaking a sentence can seldom end so as to please a delicate ear, in a monosyllable.—

6. Adjectiv's must not be used for adverbs; this rule is frequently transgressed in the use of previous for previously, agreeable for agreeably, elegant for elegantly, &c. Examples teach better than precept, take therefore the following: 'The society met *agreeably* to public notice and spent a very *agreeable* evening.'

—'The committee met according to notice *previously* given, but the *previous* question engaged their attention to a late hour.'

In these two examples, the right use of these words is very evident, yet the absurdity of using the one for the other may still more forcibly strike some minds, by changing them in the examples.

7. In the use of terms that are called synonymous, much care should be taken, very few words bearing exactly the same import are to be found in any language. The student ought therefore to study this subject with much attention, and for his assistance I would recommend to his serious perusal "Piozzi's British Sy-

nonymy," which, although not perfect in every instance, contains a fund of useful information.

8. Avoid the frequent use of parenthetical clauses; they generally have a tendency to obscure the beauty of a sentence: If the sentence need an explanatory clause, it would be better for the author to frame it anew; for if to himself it does not clearly or fully express the meaning intended, much more difficult will it be for others to understand it, even by the assistance of a parenthetical explanation.

9. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult in our language than to know where rightly to place the adverb, nor can any rules which have yet been given, be infallible directors in every case; the judgment of the writer must, in this supersede all directions.—The correct ADDITION has often failed here, and SWIFT, whom we may justly rank among the most pure writers of the English language. The best rule I know is, place the adverb near the word it affects—this certainly will keep the author correct, if he can rightly determine what that word is, which when affected by the adverb will give the greatest possible strength to the sentence.—

(to be continued)

M. N.

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From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS.

BY TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Isaiah VIII.—12. "Say ye not a confederacy to all them to whom this people shall say a confederacy: neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."

LONG before the words of my text were spoken by Isaiah, Israel and Judah had become separate kingdoms. This separation which finally proved fatal to both, originated in the following manner: under the government of Solomon the people were forced to labor in the execution of his plans for superb palaces, royal houses and noble gardens. Their taxes were enormous and their burdens scarcely supportable: yet still they bent their necks to the yoke and were obedient. But after the death of Solomon when his son Rehoboam ascended the throne, they came to him and petitioned for a redress of their grievances. Rehoboam having considered the matter gave them an answer, which by its purport demonstrated him to be a most unfeeling tyrant, but above the mean art of dissimulation. "My father made your yoke heavy; but I will add thereto: my father

chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."—Aroused by this honest declaration which despots of all nations have ever reduced to practice the ten tribes revolted; but rendered no wiser by their past experience they only changed one tyrant for another.—They set up Jeroboam, and left him at full liberty to do whatever seemed right in his own eyes.

From that period to the carrying away of the ten tribes, Judah and Israel were torn by civil wars, distressed by party dissensions, and by leaguing with other powers for their mutual destruction, each in its turn fell an easy prey to powerful and united enemies.

Powerful factions among themselves in a very eminent degree were the instruments of their ruin. The kings of Judah had their friends in Samaria: the kings of Israel had their creatures in Jerusalem, and the kings of Assyria had their emissaries in both. To stir up quarrels between the sister kingdoms was the primary object of these enemies. To keep Israel always jealous of Judah, and Judah ever in dread of Israel, and this design they too happily accomplished; for so high at this time arose the animosity between them that Pekah slew in Judah an 120,000 men. In that time of mourning and grief the friends of Assyria, exerted all their talents. "A confederacy with Assyria, said they, can only protect us. We are not able of ourselves to defend our rights, we will undoubtedly fall before our enemies and cease to be a people, if we do not enter into a league with them; but were they confederate with us we would then triumph over every opposition and crush our enemies beneath our feet."—Their language was plausible. A confederacy, a confederacy, was echoed through every street in Jerusalem: yet still there were found honest men, not a few, who more clearly discerned in what consisted their country's happiness. Among these Isaiah stood conspicuously, and in the words of the text, he warned them, "say ye not a confederacy to all to whom this people shall say a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear nor be afraid"—but they attended not to his words, they confederated themselves with Assyria and the Assyrians came unto them, distressed them but helped them not.—The text thus explained is to us full of instruction.

First, it is our duty to learn from thence that those who wish to sow the seeds of dissension among brethren,

ought ever to be accounted *enemies* and with such we should never say a confederacy. Have we not heard the voice of those deceivers rousing to jealousy our eastern brethren against our southern, and both against the middle, and striving to kindle, if possible, the flame of discord between large and small states? Assuredly their design is inimical, their aim wicked, and it behoves all lovers of liberty to watch them cautiously: they are enemies concealed under the cloak of friendship.—Those men well know that whilst we remain *one* and *united* no power on earth will be able to rob us of our independence; but should they ever be able to effect their diabolical purpose, to cause one state to raise the sword against another, then assisted by the despots of Europe, whose delight is war, and business the destruction of their species, independent governments may be established and our liberty, our glory, our boast, will finally fall before the force of some foreign or domestic tyrants. Free-born Americans, lovers, of liberty, and patriots of '76, stand each of you on your watch tower, find out those wolves in sheep's cloathing and suffer them not to intice you into a confederacy with them to promote their iniquitous views.

Let us for a moment attend to our situation as a great and a free people in the full enjoyment of all our civil and religious rights, our debts rapidly diminishing, our taxes greatly lessened, our prosperity speedily advancing, our credit both at home and abroad equal to that of any nation in the world, our laws just and promptly executed, our true dignity asserted and maintained in the European courts with manly firmness; and then laying our hands on our hearts, let each answer for himself, ought we to say a confederacy, a confederacy, to those who revile our government, laugh at republicanism, sigh for an hereditary president, a senate for life and an established priesthood?

Secondly—whilst we enjoy the happiness that flows from liberty and independence, let us never say a confederacy to men who desire to forge chains for others, or hold those in slavery whom God hath formed free. How disgraceful is it to Americans whose noble stand for liberty inspired the nations of the world as with a new soul, to daily behold their brother man, their equal in the parental eye of Deity, dragging the galling chain and suffering under the unfeeling lash of absolute despotic power! Never,

never account that man a true, a genuine republican, who can wantonly sport with the feelings of his fellows and hold them in bondage, while his voice is heard often in the streets proclaiming aloud the sweets of liberty and delights of freedom.—The cry of the oppressed always reaches the ear of Deity: he numbereth all their stripes, in his bottle are all their tears—yet because judgment is not speedily executed the oppressor proceeds with his diabolical work—but O thou unfeeling man! remember a day will come when thy wicked deeds shall stand before thee martialed in dreadful array. Then thy proud heart will learn to tremble, when each of them will lift up a voice to Deity imploring vengeance on thy guilty head.

Thirdly, say not a confederacy to them who make a mock of religion and scoff at things sacred. Be instructed by experience on this point, ask the aged and they will tell you; enquire of those who have knowledge and they will inform you that the end of the mocker is miserable and the path of the scoffer terminates in destruction. Fly from them; be not found their associates, for religion is the true worship of the true God, the sure way to unbounded felicity, its doctrines are pure, its precepts replete with utility and it opens the way to unbounded joy.

And in the last place, say not a confederacy to those who set the natives of one country against the natives of another, who teach that A is better than B because born in this or that state or kingdom. Remember that God is the universal parent, that men are his children, virtue or vice makes the difference and not the country in which life was received.—The principle is illiberal, it is selfish and opens the door for evil surmisings, jealousy and discord. Let one sentence now conclude the whole, “Do unto all men as ye would thy should do unto you” and be HAPPY.

TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO CENSOR.

SIR,

THE office of an impartial critic, which you have assumed, is certainly a very honorable one; and though many may differ with me in judgment, in my opinion, one highly advantageous to society.

To convey his ideas in a proper man-

ner, whether his view be instruction or amusement, to acquire a neat style and so construct his sentences, as to avoid obscurity and circumlocution, ought to be the constant study of every person who takes upon himself the great the important task of a public censor: Still further, he ought not to be a fault finder only, that would be acting a part unworthy of his dignified station, he ought to be capable of relishing beauties as well as pointing out defects: he should judge impartially and not torture sentences to make them speak a language, which would never enter the mind of the simple reader. For this important task no doubt, in your own opinion at least, you are well qualified, and from the specimen you have given it is evident you are acquainted with the technical terms and have made the subject your study; yet pardon me, learned sir, if I cannot subscribe to all your assertions. You certainly know that your pronouncing an expression to be ungrammatical will not make it so, neither will my contradiction affect it, the expression will stand just as it was, until rational discussion determines what is right:—So far I expect we are agreed. You have come forward on account of your friend, not to defend him, that you found impossible; but by retaliating, at all events to give me a Rolland for my Oliver: well, be it so—I shall ever be ready to embrace him as a friend, who will candidly convince me of my errors: he that makes me wiser than I am, certainly is my benefactor, and as such, deserves my esteem:—and be assured I never will for sake of argument or vain victory for one moment *knowingly* support an error.

It does not appear to me that you began your criticism with that liberality of mind which ought always to adorn an impartial critic. I cannot so far degrade your abilities as for one moment to entertain the thought that you did not on the first glance perceive the obvious meaning of my first sentence, * was it possible for a man of your intelligence, to hesitate with respect to the application of the word *last*—but it is very evident you sat down with an intention to find fault, on this sentence if you have been happy in your remarks, the public will determine—If the sentence be in your favor,—may further, if you really can candidly say you have given the fair critical meaning, wear the

* Mr. Scott, Once more I request you to bear with me in this silly controversy, and I promise you, it shall be the last:—the plain meaning is, it shall be the last time I shall trouble you on this subject.—

laurel and may it long nod over your triumphant brows.

Observation 2d. “After the examination L’AMI’s productions have received, I might it is true, have suffered them quietly to have sunk into forgetfulness.” On this you remark I ought to have written it “to sink,” and dictatorially inform us that my expression is incorrect and ungrammatical—If it be incorrect it must be ungrammatical—this is truth—but I will do you justice if I can; did you mean philosophically as well as contrary to the rules of grammar? I wish you had not left me to conjecture: In the first place, sir, I reject your amendment because it speaks not my mind—“I might have suffered them to sink” would have been indefinite as it respects time, it would refer to this day, next month, or ten years hence; but to have sunk, signifies the action of sinking completed, therefore you cannot but perceive you are philosophically incorrect in your censure.—Secondly, I maintain it to be strictly grammatical, and you are called upon to point out the transgression in concord, relation or government—And then expect my answer.

Ob. 3d. You next find fault with the following clause “but when I considered that every examination would have a tendency, if not to improve him, to benefit some of your equally young correspondents, I determined to give an answer”—you blame this, and have condescended to give a rule; but if you can find no better authority than this vague rule, you and I must still differ.—You say “when an action is represented as prior to some other action specified in the sentence, we should make use of the pluperfect tense, thus when I had considered &c.” You have read Murray’s observation, page 69, on the pluperfect tense, as he calls it, but in my opinion you have mistaken his meaning. He is correct, but you are certainly wrong, an example I hope will set you right, “I wrote a letter yesterday before I went to the museum:” If your rule were correct, I ought to say, I *had* written a letter yesterday, &c. but I consider you possessed of too much good sense to vindicate such a mode of expression:—your rule appears to me very lame, I would give it thus, ‘when an action is represented prior to some other action flowing from, connected with, or in some manner depending upon it, we ought to use the pluperfect tense.’—*Had* may be used very often with much elegance, but an injudicious

use of it, will ever render the style stiff and unharmonious, the correct ADDISON was well aware of this, and the mode of expression I have used may be exemplified in almost every page of his Spectator. Your 4th observation receives the same answer as the 3d. Your 5th is also answered by my second of this communication.

Your 6th criticism is on this sentence "I would request him to read *Euclid*, the best system of logic I know; he will then learn to reason either syllogistically or by induction; there he will be taught how to reason accurately," &c.—A grammatical error you really found, which has been answered by the Editor, and you are critically correct in saying that *Euclid's* method of reasoning is not the inductive; for in direct demonstration which removes from the mind all possibility of doubt, the inductive method can have no place; yet I maintain that if a person understand well *Euclid's* mode of syllogistic reasoning, he will hence be led in the most accurate manner to reason on other subjects by induction, and when you assert, that induction is a physical form of reasoning, you might as truly have said it was an historical, moral or metaphysical mode of reasoning prior in order, and superior to syllogism—Every person but moderately skilled in logic, knows that by induction from several particular propositions we draw a general conclusion—thus, by a continued chain of reasoning, we proceed from a particular to a more general, and so in gradation until we arrive at an universal. Now, we all know that *Euclid's* elements form one continued chain, every proposition holding its own rank, and necessary for the demonstration of some following one, therefore I infer, that in this point of view he exhibits a very striking species of induction, as from a number of general propositions he constantly draws a general conclusion.

This expression, "neither sense or meaning," falls under the lash, and justly too—connect another with it "a quality or property are, &c."—In both you are correct—I am glad they are so easily perceived, the man of sense will immediately see they got in through inadvertency, and for what others think, I care not.

I cannot so well agree with you in your remarks on "I thought a pity;" this say you, is a low ungrammatical vulgarism—if I wished to be censorious I certainly might retaliate, the word vulgarism is *new*, and by no means elegant

—but suffering that to pass—do you call it low, because common? remember, my dear sir, that some of our purest phrases are common, indeed it has been long my opinion that the wisdom of any people may be clearly discerned in their proverbs which you must know are very common: It is nevertheless true that a certain class of people pronounce every thing *low* and *vulgar* which is in use among the multitude—I call all expressions low which have a tendency to vitiate our morals or in the smallest manner hurt our delicacy—certainly, in neither of these ways is "I thought a pity" low; in neither of these ways is it vulgar; and how, sir, is it contrary to grammar rules?—philosophically you might ask me how I could think a pity? but let me tell you, sage sir, the ideas contained in a sentence may be very unphilosophical and the sentence strictly grammatical—but I cannot grant even this, the expression is elliptical which you might have easily seen "I thought *it was* a pity"—which in my opinion is neither vulgar nor low.—

Your last observation is on *will* and *shall*, to this I shortly answer if I had been promising in his name for any thing that he should do, and which I could cause him to perform, I then would have used *shall*; but when the promise was made by myself only respecting him by no means acting on him imperatively, I thought proper to use *will*.

From the conclusion of your essay it appears to me you wish to have your performance examined.—No doubt there are several expressions in it which might perhaps be better expressed, and some inaccuracies; but on the whole it is in my opinion a tollerable performance: It would be however but just in you to remember, that you cannot so torture a single sentence of mine as to make it speak such language as warrants you to *sneeringly say* of "so great a grammarian," or "an adept in *Euclid*"—I confess I have studied grammar and have a little knowledge of mathematics; but I assure you I am far from boasting of my proficiency in either—wishing you much success in your office I remain still

AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY.

A gentleman advertised for a clerk, who could bear confinement, and who had been several years in his last place. He was answered by a person who had been a number of years in Newgate.

Philadelph., May 26, 1804.

YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY.

AT a Meeting of the Trustees of the Young Ladies' Academy, May 21, 1804, the President being absent, Dr. Ashbel Green was appointed to preside, pro tem.

A letter was received from Mr. James A. Neal, principal of the Academy, announcing his resignation, which after some consideration was accepted. A motion was then made to return the thanks of the Board to Mr. Neal, for his long and faithful services, and expressive of their regret at the relinquishment of his charge, which was agreed to.

Mr. Erastus Bassett was then nominated to supply the vacancy occasioned by the above resignation. The testimonials of his talents, integrity and capacity for instruction appearing amply satisfactory, Mr. Bassett was unanimously elected Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia.

By order of the Board
BENJ. SAY, Sec'y.

GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.

We understand, that at a joint meeting of the select and common councils, the following named citizens were duly chosen guardians of the poor, for the city of Philadelphia.

Philip Mason,	Gilbert Gaw,
Abm. Shoemaker,	Andrew Geyer, junr.
Jos. Worrel,	Wm. Smiley,
Jas. M'Glashery,	Conrad Wile.

[Aurora.]

We are also enabled to inform, that the following named citizens have been chosen guardians of the poor for the Northern Liberties.

Adam Kelly,	John Rice,
Caleb Huges,	Anthony Zarnes,
Frederick Piper,	Henry Lehr.

[ib.]

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Benjamin Crozier, to Miss Jane Anderson, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Griffith Steel, to Miss Mary Egbert, both of Frankford.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. J. B. Linn, Mr. William Brown, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Frances Irvine Betbel, of this city.

Same evening by the Rt. rev. Wm. White, Capt. William Hunt, of Massachusetts, to Miss Hannah Bryan, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Bryan of this city.

DIED—On Monday evening last, Mr. Joseph North, of the house of Snowden and North, merchants of this city.

The Editor is requested by ADELTO, to insert the following ERRATA.—In the "Journey to Philadelphia," —p. 124. col. 1. l. 14. for, "to encounter for which," read, to the encountering of which.—col. 3. l. 47-8. for, "provisions for a day, lodging for a night," read, provisions for a day, or lodging for a night.—p. 132. col. 1. l. 42. for, "pleasure, business," read, pleasure or business.—l. 46-7. for, "to gratify his revenge, to embue his hands in the blood of an innocent man," read, and that to gratify his revenge, he would imbrue his hands with the blood of an innocent man.

"Thoughts on the grave of a Child,"—shall with pleasure be inserted next week.

Temple of the Muses.

From the Monthly Anthology.

THE VAGRANT.

VIEW, ye sons of ease and fortune,
While you glitter on the road,
Yonder Vagrant low reclining,
Sunk beneath affliction's load.

E'en the tree in friendly whisper
Bids him sleep in calm repose;—
E'en the tender birds in pity
Softly sing to lull his woes.

By your sounding wheels awaken'd,
Round he sadly looks and sighs;—
Still a soul, that strives with sorrow,
Glimmers through his hollow eyes.

Stay, ye strangers to affliction,
Hear the darken'd deeds of fate!
Listen to his mournful story;
Learn what ills on life await.

In his artless, dire narration,
He this solemn truth may show;
Virtue, on this vale of wonders,
Often bears severest wo.

Open then your hearts to pity,
To her sweet behest incline;
Let the grief appeasing scrup
Ever plead with voice divine.

He may tell this tale of trouble:
"Hope and fancy once I knew;
Scenes, that glowing youth discovers,
Brieten'd in their ravish'd view.

"Death, in strong and sudden fury,
Me of parents, friends bereft.
In the world a homeless stranger
Early I alone was left.

"To the heights of fame and merit
Young ambition bade me steer;
But a servile doom repressing,
Forced me in a loath'd career.

"Yet a while I seem'd to prosper;
Toil a little wealth had gain'd:
Then I saw my tender partner,
Then in love her hand obtain'd.

"Transient was this morn of pleasure;
Soon a darksome tempest blew.—
Fire took all.—My only darling
Perish'd in my blighted view.

"Long remain'd the loss repairless;
Saddest gloom the world array'd.

Time, at length, and hard employment
Brighter scenes again display'd.

"Heaven, our lot to us appointing,
Hatred for our pain assigns.
Choose we then a night of sorrow,
While a day of comfort shines?

"Thus I loved again, and wedded.—
Anguish seiz'd the joy I hoped.—
She, with debts my prison opening,
With a faithless friend eloped.

"Through neglect my needy infant
From the stings of life deceased.
I was, after long confinement,
From my dreadful cell releas'd.

"Then I sought in distant regions
What this land to me refused.
There in honest trade I flourish'd;—
Novel scenes my thought amused.

"Yet I loved my native country,
All my former griefs decay'd.
On my village oft remembrance
Fondly look'd and gaily play'd.

"All my treasure now embarking,
Hither I my course did bend;—
Here in tranquil ease and friendship
My remaining days to spend.

"While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawless foes the ship assail'd.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd,
And our crew for slaves empal'd.

"After long and cruel bondage,
Freedom only I regain'd.
After many a wrecking tempest
I again this shore attain'd.—

"Who, to mis'ry thus subjected,
Can a human friend retain?
Every former loved acquaintance
Views me with severe disdain.

"Cold and shelterless I wander
Through the bleak and dismal day;
Night bewildering, I sink under
Some kind hedge beside the way.

"But e'er long, my wandering ceases—
Woes will ne'er my life molest.
Cheering conscience looks to Heaven,
Where is mercy, joy and rest?"

EPIGRAM.

cries *Nell* to *Tom*, 'mid matrimonial strife,
'Curst be the hour I first became your wife.'
'By all the powers,' said *Tom*, 'but that's too bad
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had.'

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

By Robert Southey.

AND wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me:—
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad,
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he;
And, therefore, he had come abroad,
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad,
When the wind blew so cold?

She said, her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed;
And, therefore, was it she was sent
Abroad to beg her bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back,
Another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the wind was so chill!
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us, that her husband serv'd,
A soldier far away;
And, therefore, to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl; her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye?
Who, with the wanton's hollow voice,
Address'd the passers by.

I ask'd her, what there was in guilt,
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee.